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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and forty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, reliable and valuable for farmers and household departments. Hatching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 285, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffrey, President; Fred Hill, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. NEWPORT TEXT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees, Charles D. Badley, Commander; Charles R. Crandall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 878, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, Alexander Nicol, Chief Ranger; Robert Johnstone, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 7077, M. W. A., James W. Wilson, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer, Clerk; meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George E. Swan, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder; meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 95, N. E. O. P., T. F. Allan, Warden; Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., George Russell, Chancellor; William H. Langley, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., St. Knight Captain; William H. Langley; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

Local Matters.

Embezzlement Charged.

The police have been seeking for a well known young man of this city on a charge of embezzlement. Edwin L. Pike, private secretary for Mr. George H. Norman, has left the city very suddenly and the police of Boston and other cities have been placed on his trail. It is alleged that Pike is short in his accounts to the amount of \$1500 or more. An attachment was placed on his personal property in the interests of Mr. Norman. The condition of his apartments indicates that he left in a good deal of a hurry. It is said that some of the business men in Newport would like to gull some of his personal bills.

A new schedule has been adopted on the Island Road, the cars now leaving Newport every forty minutes, leaving 15 and 55 minutes past each "even" hour, and 35 minutes past each "odd" hour. This change was made in order to have the cars meet at the Stone Bridge and avoid having a car lay over at the Bridge some 15 minutes each trip as was necessary under the old running time—in some storms the 15 minutes might stall a car. The new time table will be found in the advertising columns of this issue.

Mrs. John Carter Brown, who has been seriously ill at her home in this city for some time, was removed to her Providence residence on Sunday last, the steamer Warwick making a special trip for the purpose. A special ambulance was brought over from New York, with a doctor in charge. The ambulance was fitted with electric heaters and the patient was carried all the way in that vehicle. She stood the journey as well as could be expected.

The N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Company will at once, it is said, spend one million dollars for new engines. This will add one hundred powerful machines to the road. The management propose to spend in all \$2,500,000 in new equipment. All the passenger cars are to be lighted by acetylene gas.

Mr. Alfred R. Cory of Jamestown died in Providence on Sunday after a long illness. The remains were brought to Jamestown for interment on Wednesday, the Masonic ritual being conducted by St. Paul's Lodge.

The Fall River strike seems to be gradually petering out. More and more of the operators are going back to work, and many of the mills claim that they have all the force they want.

The time is now at hand when the city officers for 1905 will be chosen. As yet Dame Rumor is very silent as to the make up of the various slates.

The Biggest Snowstorm.

The amount of snow that has fallen in this vicinity in the past two weeks or more is something very unusual for Newport at any time of the year and considering the fact that it is still before Christmas it is almost unprecedented. Weeks of continuous sleighing before Christmas is something that we have not seen before for many years.

Last Saturday night when the evening workers were going to their homes there was a light snow falling that gave promise of developing into a storm. And before morning it was a genuine storm. All night the snow fell in great clouds, so thick that at times one could not see a few feet away. The wind raged and howled and piled the snow into huge drifts which served to make the storm much more serious for traffic. When morning dawned the storm was still raging and a brilliant expanse of white met the eyes of many who did not even know that a storm had prevailed during the night.

The storm ceased early in the forenoon and then one had a chance to see what trouble had been caused. The first train in on the Consolidated arrived at about 11 o'clock and two locomotives and a snow plow were necessary to get it down from Fall River. On the local street railway there was lots of trouble but the line was finally cleared part way to the Middletown line and regular trips were run. The Island cars were not seen until the next morning. The Providence road was handled excellently, and the big plow did efficient service. It was nearly 11 o'clock Sunday morning when the Providence cars came through from the barn, although the plow had been over the road before that. For a time the car ran only from Washington square to the Mile Corner, but early in the afternoon went way through to Bristol Ferry.

There was a famine in milk Sunday morning owing to the inability of the milkmen to get through the drifts. Some of them arrived in the forenoon, some during the afternoon and some not until the next morning.

In the streets of the city there was snow in great quantities. By noon the street commissioner had a large gang of men at work clearing the streets and crosswalks and passable thoroughfares were arranged in case of fire. The abutters shoveled their walks with reasonable promptness except in a few instances. Where the owners of property were away and had made no provision to have their walks kept clean Street Commissioner Hamilton put a gang of men at work and will present the bill to the owner.

The snow was very heavy on roofs and caused the coal shed of the Abram Almy Company to collapse. In other places prompt shoveling was necessary to protect property. The sleighing has not been very good since the last snowfall but before that time it was excellent. It was proposed to have some lively racing on the avenue last Sunday but the storm very effectually put an end to that.

Mr. Albert S. Howard, formerly of this city, will remove from Pawtucket to Philadelphia at the first of the year, having accepted a proposition to take charge of the ribbon factory of the J. B. Stenson Company, which is operated in connection with their manufacture of hats, at Fifth street and Columbia avenue. Mr. Howard was formerly a designer at the Narragansett Web Company here, later at the American Tubing and Webbing Company of Providence, and after the Dresser failure he went with the Smith Webbing Company of Pawtucket where he has been for a year.

Mrs. Frederick D. Woodruff died at her home in North Carolina this week, after a short illness. She was daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Wood, for many years clerk of the courts. She is survived by her husband and one child; also by two brothers, Mr. Horatio B. Wood of this city and Dr. Thomas Wood, Jr., of Boston. The remains were brought to Newport for interment.

Mr. Edward T. Potter, who had made his home in Newport most of the time for a number of years, died at his New York residence on Wednesday. He was seventy-three years of age, and was a son of the late Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania and half-brother of Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York. He was a prominent architect and was interested in many charitable projects.

The Rogers High School was closed at noon yesterday and in the other schools there was no session in the afternoon out of respect to the memory of School Committeeman Charles W. Crandall, whose funeral was held in the afternoon.

In the probate court on Monday Joel Peckham of Middletown was appointed administrator on the estate of the late William A. Peckham.

Christmas Day.

Tomorrow will be Christmas, the greatest Christian holiday of the year. Tonight Santa Claus is due to pay his visit with his hosts of presents which he has been picking up at the well stocked stores for a number of weeks. Many a youthful heart will be gladdened by the appearance of this old gentleman who is still hale and hearty although he has been doing business at the same old stand for many hundreds of years.

As the holiday comes this year on Sunday the general public observance will be held the day following. All the principal places of business will be closed and it will be very generally observed as a holiday. There will not be a great deal of a public nature going on as Christmas is essentially a day for the home. At noon on Monday the Sir Knights of Washington Commandery with their ladies will assemble at Masonic Temple to send the Christmas greeting to the Grand Master. The usual Christmas dinners will be served by the charitable societies and others charitably inclined.

At all the Christian churches tomorrow there will be special services for the day. The choirs have rehearsed special Christmas music and in some instances will be re-inforced by extra voices. Some of the more important special programs are as follows:

St. Joseph's Church.

Solemn High Mass, 5:30 A. M.
Prelude, Processional, "The Snow Lay on the Ground," Merkel
Kyrie, Mozart's Twelfth Mass.
Gloria, Mozart's Twelfth Mass.
Credo, Goun's Second Mass.
Offertorium, "Adeste Fideles," Novello
Agnus Dei, Mozart's Twelfth Mass.
Recessional, "Holy Night,"
Boys' Choir.

At the 8 o'clock mass Christmas carols will be sung by the girls' choir of 50 voices.

Solemn High Mass, 10:30 A. M.
Prelude, Processional, "Bethlehem," Thayer
Boys' Choir.
Werner
Asperges Sul.
Kyrie, Mozart's Twelfth Mass.
Gloria, Mozart's Twelfth Mass.
Credo, Goun's Second Mass.
Offertorium, "Adeste Fideles," Novello
Agnus Dei, Mozart's Twelfth Mass.
Benediction after mass.
O Salutaris Hostia, Marz
Tantum Ergo, L. Louis
Laude Dominum, L. Louis
Recessional, "Songs of Praise,"
Boys' Choir.

March, D. Hook.
The soloists will be Mrs. F. M. Wheeler and Miss Florence Carley, sopranos; Miss Kathryn Gier and Miss K. Harrigan, alto; Messrs. J. P. Albro and H. D. Coffey and Dr. M. Shen, tenors, and Mr. James A. Gier, bass. The music will be rendered under the direction of Mr. Loary Joseph Louis, organist and musical director.

Changing Memorial Church.

At the Changing Memorial Church the following program will be rendered: Christmas Offertory (Op. 19, No. 2) Goun; Anthem "Sing O Heavens" Goun; Response "I will be Glad" Peters; Anthem "The Guiding Star" Frederic Field; Anthem "Ariel Shine, for thy Light has Come" Wood; March Triumphant (Op. 39, No. 3) Cuiabert.
At the children's services at 4 p. m. Miss Carley will sing "Christmas" by Harry Rose Shelley. The church choir is composed of Messrs Carley and Gier, Messrs. Hildreth and Seabury, Leslie T. Peckham organist.

Trinity Church.

At Trinity Church the following musical program will be rendered by the choir on Christmas Day:

Hymns 98, 51.
Kyrie, Chant in A flat
Te Deum in E flat
Benedictus, Chant in E flat
Anthem "Hark! What Mean those Sweet Voices" Sullivan
Offertory Anthem Sing, O Heavens! Tours
Communion Service in D
Kenneth C. Grant, organist and chorist.

At the Central Baptist Church, Clarke street, Rev. John T. Beckley, D. D., minister, there will be morning worship at 10:45, Bible school at 12:15, children's service at 7:30. Dr. Beckley will preach in the morning on "The Desire of All Nations" and in the evening the Sunday School will hold its Christmas service, with the singing of hymns and address. The music for the day will be:

Morning.
Organ Prelude, Otto Matting
The Shepherd in the Field, Op. 48
"Behold, I Bring You Glad Tidings" Lymes
Resistible, The Answer, Wolstenholme
Offertory Solo, William Armes Fisher
"Gala on the Listening Ear of Night" Miss Gosling
Organ Postlude, Ed. Lemaigne
March Solemn in D flat

Evening.
Organ Prelude, Theodore Dubois
Anthem, "March of the Magi" Kings, P. Scott
"I came upon the midnight Clear" Torsanctus
Interlude, Meditation, Op. 16, Aloys Klein
Offertory Anthem, "Exult Him" Hunsom
Organ Postlude, Festal March in D

Miss Corn M. Gosling, soprano; Mrs. H. H. Smith, contralto; Dr. H. H. Luther, tenor; Mr. Karl M. Stone, bass; Mr. Norman B. Cole, organist.

A little work has been done on the new high school this week, and the masons are quick to catch every advantage of the weather, but it is slow progress.

Recent Deaths.

William S. Lawton.

Mr. William S. Lawton, one of the best known business men of this city, died at his home on Franklin street at an early hour Thursday morning. He had been ill since the middle of November and about three weeks ago submitted to an operation which it was hoped would prolong his life. For a time he seemed to improve but a few days ago his case became hopeless and it was known that the end was near.

Mr. Lawton was born in this city on January 18, 1848, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lawton. He was one of a large family of children, and the parents lived to an old age. In 1882 the father died at the age of 80 years and 10 months, while the mother lived until two years ago, having reached the age of 94 years and 2 months.

Mr. Lawton was employed as a young man in the market of the old firm of Bateman & Gardner. When the business was sold Mr. Lawton established a market of his own in 1885, and by industry and ability built up a very profitable business. He was known to all the summer residents of Newport and was liberally patronized by them. He took a great interest in the welfare of Newport and was a firm believer in its future. He was liberal towards those who came to him in need of assistance, his jovial, whole-souled nature making it impossible to refuse the unfortunate.

He leaves a widow and two sons, Messrs. George C. and Fred W. Lawton. He is also survived by three brothers, Messrs. James Lawton of Chelsea, Mass., Henry R. Lawton of Providence and George C. Lawton of this city; and four sisters, Mrs. William G. Peckham, Mrs. Rebecca Rose, Mrs. Edward Otto of Newport, and Mrs. Annie R. Gladding of Providence.

He was a member of many secret and fraternal societies, and had held important offices in most of the organizations. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.; Newport Royal Arch Chapter, No. 2; DeBolsa Council, No. 5, R. & S. M.; Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T.; Palestine Temple, A. O. N. M. S.; Excelsior Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F.; Aquidneck Encampment, No. 5, I. O. O. F.; Esther Lodge, No. 5, I. O. O. F.; Redwood Lodge, No. 11, K. of P.; Union Lodge, No. 608, Knights of Honor; General Burnside Assembly, No. 64, R. S. of G. F.; General G. K. Warren Post No. 21, G. A. R.; Court Watton, No. 6975, Foresters of America; Newport Business Men's Association; and Newport Horticultural Society.

Funeral services will be held at the Thames Street Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday at 2 o'clock and will be attended by all the societies of which he was a member. The Masonic ritual will be conducted by St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., of which his son has just been elected Master.

Charles W. Crandall.

Mr. Charles W. Crandall died very suddenly in his room on Mill street Tuesday afternoon. His sudden death came as a great shock to his many friends. He was taken ill in the morning and Dr. Sweet and Dr. Stewart were summoned to attend him. They were unable to help him and Mr. Crandall died shortly after 3 o'clock.

Mr. Crandall was one of the best known of the young men in Newport. He was active in many ways, a member of the bar, a successful politician, a member and officer in many clubs and secret societies. He had a host of friends in all walks of life.

Mr. Crandall was the eldest son of Mr. Charles Crandall. His first business experience was in the old Merchants Bank where he was employed as teller for several years. After leaving the bank he went to work on the Herald as a reporter and subsequently studied law in the office of the late Charles Acton Ives and after the death of Mr. Ives in the office of Judge Barker. He passed a successful examination and was admitted to the bar. He has since practiced in the State courts.

He was treasurer of the Newport County Club, was the first president of the Sea-Aerie of Eagles, a member of the Newport Yacht Club and other organizations. He was formerly connected with a number of musical organizations and was considered an excellent violinist. He was actively engaged in politics and had been for several years a member of the Democratic city committee and for two years had been chairman. He had been candidate for a number of offices but had been elected to only one, that of school committeeman, in which office he had one more year to serve. He was a ready speaker and his services were in demand by the party during the political campaigns.

He is survived by his father, Mr. Charles Crandall, one brother, Mr. George C. Crandall of Chicago, and four sisters, Mrs. Horace Yewell of Mexico, Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr.,

Miss Sidorla and Miss Alta Crandall of this city.

Funeral services were held at the Channing Memorial Church yesterday afternoon and were largely attended. All the societies of which he was a member attended in a body. There were many floral tributes.

Mr. John Carr.

Mr. John Carr, one of the oldest residents of the Point, died at his home on Willow street on Wednesday, in his eighty-fourth year. Mr. Carr was well and favorably known throughout the city and took a deep interest in the affairs of Newport as long as he was alive. He had been in feeble health for some time, but walked out daily as long as his strength would permit.

He leaves a widow and a daughter, Mrs. Stafford Bryer of Providence.

Historic Home Gone.

"The Mount," one of the old historic DeWolf family mansions of Bristol where United States Senator James DeWolf of Rhode Island lived, was burned Tuesday evening, fire catching from the furnace. The 3 story building and contents, valued at \$85,000, were destroyed. Mrs. Marion L. DeWolf, the present owner, and a woman servant, were the only persons in the mansion. The firemen were powerless, as the nearest hydrants were a quarter of a mile distant. Mrs. DeWolf, with assistance, saved about \$1000 worth of furniture, pieces of bric-a-brac and paintings, including some family heirlooms. The marble staircase, many rare oil portraits of noted members of the family, richly carved furniture of a century and a half ago and pier mirrors worth \$4000 were all destroyed. The main staircase, laid in the Chipendale fashion, was an object of interest, as well as the hand-painted walls of the drawing room. Senator DeWolf was the owner of the famous privateer Yankee and other Bristol privateers that proved so profitable to their owner in levying on British commerce during the war of 1812.

A fine oil painting of Senator DeWolf was saved, as well as a Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington. The blaze was seen all over Narragansett Bay.

Election of Officers.

St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.
At the one hundred and fifty-fifth annual communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., on Monday evening, R. W. W. William L. Chatterton, District Deputy Grand Master, presided at the election and installed the officers as follows:

W. W. Master—W. C. George C. Lawton.
Senior Warden—George Melville.
Junior Warden—Earl P. Mason.
Treasurer—W. C. James G. Topham.
Secretary—R. W. W. C. van Hinderich.
Chaplain—W. C. Robert W. Curry.
Senior Deacon—William H. Boone.
Junior Deacon—James S. Melville.
Senior Steward—William H. Chatterton.
Junior Steward—J. Roswell Chase.
Marshal—William Curry.
Sentinel—Duan Woodbridge.
Senior Guard—W. C. Edward P. Lake.
Tyler—J. Gottlieb Springer.
Member of Building Committee—W. C. R. W. Curry.

Italian Brotherhood Benefit Society.
President—Melmet P. Plato.
Vice President—E. Cappelliti.
Secretary—C. G. Cecchi.
Financial Secretary—John C. Gentile.
Treasurer for one year—Vito Belli, Vitarlo.
Treasurer—A. Felletti.
Guard—Dionato A. Russo, 2d.
Standard Bearer—P. Marchi.

Central Baptist Church.
Church Treas.—Samuel W. Marsh.
Church Treasurer—William P. Carr.
Missionary Treasurer—John M. Swan.
Anchor—Nathaniel R. Swinburne.
Senior Steward—William H. Chatterton.
Junior Steward—Charles M. Cole.
Assistant Superintendent—Alexander McTear.
Sunday School Secretary—Miss Edith Y. Babcock.
Sunday School Treasurer—Edith Babcock.

Standing Committee for three years—Albert K. Sherman, Hudson B. Kingman, Dr. William A. Sherman.
Boyer Lodge, No. 8, A. F. & A. M.
Worshipful Master—Lewis Lee.
Senior Warden—William H. Mathews.
Junior Warden—Hector A. Tolbert.
Secretary—Fred E. Williams.
Treasurer—Jackson Carter.
Chaplain—Richard R. King.
Senior Deacon—Edward C. Jackson.
Junior Deacon—Marcus E. Wheatland.
Senior Steward—Marcus A. Andrews.
Junior Steward—Benjamin F. Brown.
Senior Guard—Joseph T. Allen.
Tyler—Robert Jackson.

Aquidneck Encampment No. 5, I. O. O. F.
Chief Patriarch—J. Roswell Chase.
High Priest—Samuel Speer.
Senior Warden—Samuel M. Starratt.
Recording Sec'y—Perry B. Dawley.
Transfer—Joseph B. Pike.
Financial Sec'y—Alan C. Griffith.
Junior Warden—Fred A. Bloom.
Trustees—Ezra L. Gorton, George C. Knott, Thomas S. Stanhope.

Redwood Lodge, No. 11, K. of P.
Chartered Commander—M. W. Cadogan.
Vice Commander—William Chatterton.
President—Edith A. Seaton.
Master of Work—Charles E. Gilson.
Keeper of Records and Seals—Robert S. Franklin.
Master of Finance—George H. Ellis.
Senior Deacon—Charles E. Gilson.
Master of Arms—William Lambdon.
Junior Guard—David Davis.
Outer Guard—J. Gottlieb Springer.
Trustees—Ezra L. Gorton, William H. Langley, John H. Mustard.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the lower tenement No. 39 Cannon street belonging to Edward Otto to Mr. Hoffman.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented on a lease to Harry Aaron the west half of the house on the south side of Mary street known as No. 19, for Patrick H. Hoigan.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the Court of Probate held on Monday all the members were present. On the petition of Charles A. Albro and William G. Albro, the will of Isaac Albro was proved and ordered recorded and they were granted letters testamentary as Executors.

An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Elshu W. Willard was presented by Max Levy as attorney of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, with the petition of this corporation to have said will proved and recorded and for letters testamentary to be granted the petitioner as the Executor of the will.

IS TOWN CHURCH.—Representation being made to the Council, that the pump over the spring in Green End avenue, near its junction with Paradise avenue, had been removed from its place by certain individuals residing in its vicinity, and that said pump had been broken, notice was directed to be given to these individuals, that the Town Council would hold them liable for any and all damages resulting from the displacement of said pump, the same having been procured and placed at the expense of the town, for the convenience of the public.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: John L. Spooner, Surveyor for highway repairs on Road District No. 1 \$107.50; C. Henry Congdon, Surveyor for highway repairs on Road District No. 2 \$100.39; for shoveling snow \$15.20; T. T. Pitman for advertising notice of reward \$4.38; J. Overton Peckham, services as Assessor of Taxes \$20.00; Lionel H. Peabody for expense of relaying bridge at the junction of Wynt Road and East Main Road \$22.80; accounts for the relief of the poor \$27.50; total \$297.77.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE SNOW STORM.—The series of minor snowstorms which have been piling the Island nearly every other day during the past fortnight culminated on Sunday morning in one of larger proportions and for two days rendered locomotion quite difficult. The electric cars resumed their trips late Sunday afternoon, but only those living on and near their line could reach them. No attempt was made on Sunday to clear the highways, and the milk men took to the fields, and by so doing most of them got to Newport sometime during the day. A few were shut up so as to render the journey impossible. On Monday all the men that could be mustered were set to shoveling and it required three days to open all the highways. The presence of another railway track on the West Main Road contributed as was expected to make the situation still more embarrassing and for two days the passage of teams from the Two Mile Corner away into the compact part of Newport was neither smooth nor safe. On Tuesday the snow was thrown back so as to make but one path covering both tracks and a sufficient width of highway on the west. The surveyors did not give first attention to the main roads and there were localities dangerous to travel over up to Tuesday afternoon.

The new highway law enacted in 1890, which reduced the number of surveyors in all towns to a maximum of four, did not promote efficiency in removing snow from the highways and like all the other legislation aiming at centralization of political power has not contributed to the benefit of the public service.

Middletown was literally buried in snow last Sunday, the storm having been considered to be the worst known here since the November blizzard of five years back. Very few of the milkmen reached Newport and those not until noon when work was begun on the roads to clear them of their huge drifts which in many places stretched from wall to wall.

The roads were not wholly cleared for travel until near Tuesday noon, the snow being so deep that it required much time to remove it. The manner of reaching Newport was most tedious and roundabout and led across meadows and over many walls and fences and was most tiresome and unsafe. No serious accidents were reported however.

Mr. Walter Sherman's windmill house which was partially damaged by a recent heavy wind, is being reconstructed in a cottage.

Owing to the holiday season, the Paradise Club and St. Columba's Guild held no meetings this week. According to the usual custom, a box of children's aprons was sent St. Mary's Orphanage this week by the Guild of the Berkeley Memorial chapel.

The Social of the Methodist Episcopal church held a pleasant gathering in their vestry Wednesday evening. The Sunday School Festival of this church will be held Saturday evening in the church.

There is much complaint over the shortage in the water supply, many wells being dry which necessitated water being carted from the springs.

A pleasant Christmas tree gathering was enjoyed Friday evening at the home of Mr. Nathaniel Peckham, when Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Albro entertained a number of friends in honor of their niece Miss Alice Lovemore Albro.

Mr. J. Percival Grinnell and Miss Beth A. Peckham are home for the holidays which they will spend with their parents.

Christmas day services at St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, will consist of Sunday School at 10 a. m., morning prayer and sermon at 11 a. m., with a celebration of Holy Communion. Rev. Arthur N. Poulsee will preach.

The historic old ship Constellation has returned to this harbor where she will again be used as the station ship of the Training Station. During her absence she has received a thorough overhauling and it is believed that she will be good for many years service yet.

Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,
Author of "The Strollers"

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CHAPTER I.

"A SONG, sweet Jacqueline!"
"No, no!"
"Jacqueline, Jacqueline!"
"No more, I say!"

A jingle of tinkling bells mingled with the squeak of a violin, the guffaws of a roustabout company blended with the tuneless chanting of discordant minstrels, and the gray parrot in its golden cage, suspended from one of the oaken beams of the ceiling, shook its feathers for the twentieth time and screamed vindictively at the roguish band.

Jingle, jingle, went the merry bells; squeak, squeak, the tightened strings beneath the persistent scraping of the rosin bow. On his throne in Fools' hall Triboulet, the king's hunchback, leaned complacently back, his eyes bent upon a tapestry but newly hung in that room, the meeting place of jesters, buffoons and versifiers.

"We appeal to Triboulet!"
"Triboulet!"
A girl's silvery laugh rang out.

"Triboulet!"
Again the derisive musical tones. Upon his chair of state the dwarf did not answer; professed not to hear.

By the uncertain glimmer of torches and the flickering glow of the fire he was engaged in tracing a resemblance to himself in the central figure of the composition wrought in threads of silk—Monsieur, fool by patent to Jove, thrust from Olympus and greeting the earth-born with a great grin.

"An excellent likeness!" muttered Triboulet. "A very pretty likeness!" he continued, swelling with pride.

And truly it was said that sprightly ladies, working between love and pleasure thines, drew from the court fool for their conception of the mythological buffoon, reproducing Triboulet's great head; his mouth, proportionately large; his protruding eyes, his bowed back, short, twisted legs and long, muscular arms and his nose far larger than that of Francis, who otherwise had the largest nose in the kingdom.

But how could they depict the meanness of soul that dwelt in that extraordinary shell? The blithesome tapestry makers, albeit adepts in form, grace and harmony, could not touch the subjectiveness of existence. Thus it was a double pleasure for Triboulet to see, framed in well chosen hues, his form, the crookedness of which he was as proud as any courtier of his symmetry and beauty, the while his dark, vain soul lay concealed behind the mask of merry deformity and laughing monstrosity.

"Would your majesty like to command me?"

The mocking feminine voice recalled Triboulet from his pleasing contemplation.

"No, no!" he answered sullenly and condescended to turn his glance upon the assemblage.

Over a goodly gathering of jesters, buffoons, poets and even philosophers he lorded it, holding his head as high as his hump would permit and conscious of his own place in the esteem of the king. Not long ago the monarch had laughed and applauded when Triboulet had twisted his features into a horrid grimace, and since then the dwarf's little heart had expanded with such arrogance it seemed to him he was almost Francis himself as he sat there on Francis' sometime throne, and these Sir Jollies were his subjects all—Marot, Caillette, Brusquet, Villot and the lesser lights, jesters of barons, cardinals and even bishops. Rabelais, too, that poor, dissolute devil of a writer, learned as Homer, brutish as Homer's swine—all subjects of his, the king of jesters, save one—him whom he eyed with certain fear and wonder, fear because she was a woman—and Triboulet esteemed all the sex but "highly perfected devils"—and wonder at finding her different from and more perplexing than even the rest of her kind.

"Jacqueline!"

Now she was perched on one corner of the table, and her face had a witch-like loveliness, as though borrowing its pallor and beauty from the moon, source of all magic and necromancy. Her eyes shone with such luster that, seeking their hue, they held the observer's gaze in mocking languor and cheated the inquisitive coxcomb of his quest, the while the disdainful lips curved laughingly and so bewildered him he forgot the customary phrases and stood staring like a monkey. Her footstep fell so light, she was so agile and quick, the superstitious dwarf swore she was but a creature of the night and held surreptitious meetings with all the familiar spirits of demonology. As she never denied the uncanny imputation, but only displayed her small white teeth maliciously by way of answer, Triboulet felt assured he was right and crossed himself religiously whenever she gazed too fixedly at him.

A most graceful folle, her dress was in keeping with her character, yellow being the predominating color. To the fanciful adornment of the gown her little figure lent itself readily, while her rebellious curls were well adapted to that badge of her servitude, the jaunty cap that crowned their waving abundance.

In especial disdain, from her position upon the corner of the table, her glance wandered down the board and rested on Rabelais, the gourmand, before whom were an empty trencher and tankard. The priest-doctor-writer-scribbler who affected the company of jesters and fools had a right to the hospitality of Fools' hall, but the hospitality of the castle kitchen and was not far removed from the wine bottle had just unrolled a bundle

of manuscript, all daubed with trencher grease and tankard drippings, and was about to read aloud the strange adventures of one Pantagruel when, overcome by indigestion, his head fell forward on the table, almost in the wooden platter, and the papers dotted to the floor.

"Put him out!" commanded Triboulet from his high place.

But she of the jaunty cap sprang from the table.

"How wise are your majesty's decrees!" she said mockingly, with her glance upon the dwarf. He shifted uneasily in the throne. "You should have put him out before! But now," turning contemptuously to the poor figure of the great man, "he's harmless. His silence is golden; his speech was dross."

"And yet," answered Marot thoughtfully, the king esteems him—the king, who is at once scholar, poet, wit, soldier!"

"Soldier," she exclaimed quickly, "when he cannot conquer Italy and regain his heritage!"

"Cannot?" ventured Triboulet, mindful of the dignity of his royal master.

"Why not?"

"Because the women would conquer him."

"Nay; the king prefers the blue eyes of France," spoke up the cardinal's fool, he of the viola.

"Then do you set our queen of fools, our fair Jacqueline, out of his majesty's good graces," interposed one of the lesser jesters, a mere baron's bairling, who long had burned with secret admiration for the maid of the coquetish cap.

"I am such a fool as to want the good graces of no man or monarch," she replied boldly, without glancing at the speaker.

"An he were in love you would be two fools," laughed Caillette, the court poet.

"In love 'tis only the man is the fool or the fooled," she returned pointedly, and Caillette, despite his self possession, flushed painfully. Since Diane de Poitiers had wedded her ancient lord the poet had become grave, studious, almost sad.

"And is your mistress, the king's ward, fooling with her betrothed?" he asked quickly, conscious of knowing winks and nudges.

"The Princess Louise and the Duke of Friedwald are to wed for reasons of state," said the young woman gravely.

"There'll be no fools."

"Ah, a loveless match!"

"But not a landless one," retorted she of the cap without the bells. "Besides, it cements the friendship of Francis and Charles V. What more would you? But I'll tell you a secret."

At that the company flocked around her as though there was something enticing in her tone, the vague promise of an interesting bit of gossip or the indefinite suggestion of a court scandal.

"A secret!" said the cardinal's fool, rubbing his hands together. His master often rewarded him for particularly choice morsels of loose title tattle.

"Oh, nothing very wicked!" she answered, waving them back with her small hand. "It's only that they play at make believe in love, the princess and her betrothed! But, after all, it is far more sensible than real love-making, where if the pleasure be more acute the pangs are therefore the greater. She addresses to him the tenderest counterfeited verses; he returns them in kind. She even simulated such an illusory sadness that the duke has sent his own jester, who has but just arrived at court, to amuse her (ahem!) dullness until he himself could come!"

At this the cardinal's buffoon looked disappointed, for his master liked more highly flavored hearsay, while Triboulet frowned and brought down his heavy fist upon the arm of the throne.

"A new jester, forsooth!" he exclaimed.

"And why not?" lifting her swart brows quizzically.

"We are already overstocked with pretence fools," he retorted, looking over the throng.

"Ah, you fear perhaps some one may depose you?" remarked Jacqueline coldly.

A guarded laugh arose from the gathering, and the dwarf's eyes gleamed.

"Depose me, Triboulet!" he shouted, rising. "Triboulet is sovereign lord of all at whom he mocks! His wand is mightier than an episcopal mitre!"

In his overweening rage and vanity he fairly crouched before the throne, eying them all like a cat. His thick lips trembled; his eyes became bloodshot. He forgot all prudence.

"Doth not the king himself seek my advice?" He laughed horribly. "Hath not, perhaps, many a fair gentleman been burned—aye, burned to ashes as a Calvinist—at my suggestion?"

"Miserable wretch! Spout!" exclaimed the young woman, paler than a lily, as she bent her eyes, with fully opened lids, upon him.

As if to shield himself, he raised his hand, yet drunkenness or wrath overcame caution and superstition, and the red eyes met the dark ones. But a moment, and the former dropped suddenly. A strange thrill ran through him. He thought he was bewitched.

"Non nobis Domine!" he murmured, striving to recall a hymn. As Latin was the language of witchcraft, so also was the antidote. Contemptuously she turned her back and walked slowly to the fire. Upon her white face and supple figure played the elish glow, lighting the little cap and the waving tresses beneath.

Regarding her furtively, Triboulet's courage returned, since she was looking at the cap, not at him.

"Ho, ho!" he said jocosely. "You all thought I was sincere. Listen, my children! The art of fooling lies in trumped-up earnestness." He smiled hideously.

"Bravo, Triboulet!" cried an admiring voice.

"Only time and art can give you such mastery over the passions," continued the jester. "Which one of you would depose me? Who so ugly as I? Poets, philosophers! I snap my fingers at them. Poor motes! And you dare bait me with a newcomer! Let him look to himself!" From earnestness to grandiloquence was but a step.

"Let him come!" And Triboulet, imitating the pose of Francis himself, drew his wooden sword.

"Let him come!" he repeated fiercely. "Who?" called out a gay and reckless voice.

Through the doorway leading into the kitchen stepped a young man, slender, almost boyish in appearance, with light brown hair and deep-set eyes that belied the gayety and mirth of his features. His costume, that of a jester, was silk of finest texture and design, upon which were skillfully fashioned in threads of silver the arms of Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany, the powerful rival of Francis, whose friendship now, for reasons of state, the latter sought.

Smilingly the foreign jester gazed around the room at the unusual furnishings, picturesque, yet appropriate; at the inmates, the fools scattered about the great board or near the nightly fireplace; the renowned philosopher Rabelais, sleeping on his arms, with hand outstretched toward the neglected tankard; at the striking appearance of the girl who looked with casual, careless interest upon him; at the grotesque, crook backed figure before the throne.

And, observing the incongruity of his surroundings, he laughed lightly while his glance, turning inquiringly if not insolently from one to the other, lingered in some surprise upon the young woman. He had heard that in far-away France the motley was not confined to men. Had not Jeanne, queen of Charles I., possessed her jestress, Artaude de Puy, "folle to our dear companion," as said the king? Had not Mme. d'Or, wearer of the bells, kept the nobles laughing? Had not the haughty, eccentric Don John his handsome, merry jocularist attached to his princely household?

But knowing only by rumor of these matters, the jester from abroad looked hard at her, the first madcap in petticoats he had ever seen. For her part, Jacqueline bore his scrutiny with visible annoyance.

"Well," she said impatiently, a flash of resentment in her fine eyes, "have you come to me over enough?"

"Too much, mistress," he replied, in nowise abashed, "an it hath displeased you. Too little to please myself."

"Yourself!" she returned, with sudden anger at his persistent gaze. "Some lord's plaything to heat or whipe, a toy!"

"And yet a poet who can make rhymes on woman's beauty," he answered, with a careless laugh.

"Another courtier?" grumbled Triboulet. "Lacking true wit, fools nowadays essay only compliments to cover their dullness."

With the same air of insolent amusement the newcomer turned to the

throne and its occupant, whom he subjected to an even more deliberate investigation.

"Is it man or manikin, gentle mistress?" he asked after concluding his examination.

She did not deign to answer, but the offended Triboulet waved his wooden sword vindictively.

"Manikin!" he roared and sprang with vicious lunges upon the duke's jester, who, falling back before the suddenness of the assault, whipped out his weapon in turn and, laughing, threw himself into an attitude of defense.

"A mortal combat!" cried the cardinal's wit snapper.

"Charles V. and Francis!" exclaimed Caillette, referring to the personal challenge which had once passed between the two great monarchs. "With a throne for the victor!" he added gayly, indicating Triboulet's chair of state.

The clatter and din awoke Rabelais, who drowsily regarded the combatants with backluster gaze and undoubtedly thought himself once more amid the fanciful conflicts of fearful giants.

"Fall to, Pantagruel, my merry paladin!" he exclaimed bombastically.

"Cut, slash, stab, fence and juggle!" And himself, reaching for an imaginary sword, encountered the tankard, which he would have raised to his lips but that his shaggy head fell again to the board before his willing arm had obeyed the passing impulse of his sluggish brain.

"Fence! Juggle!" he murmured, and slept once more.

But the parrot, again disturbed, could not so easily compose itself to slumber. Whipping its head from its downy nest, it outsped its gray wings gloriously and screamed and shouted as though venting all the thunders of the Vatican upon the offending belligerents, and above the undulating noise of arms, rabble and

bird arose the piercing voice of Triboulet:

"Watch me spit this bantam cock!"

"Do not kill him, Triboulet!" cried Marot, alarmed lest the duke's fool should be slain outright. "Remember he has journeyed from the court of Charles V."

"Charles V.?" came through Triboulet's half closed teeth. "My master's one great enemy!"

"Hush!" muttered Villot. "Our master's enemy is now his dear friend!"

"Friend!" sneered the other, but even as he thrust his sword tingled sharply in his hand and whisked nimbly out of his grip, described a curve in the air and fell at a far end of the room. At the same time a stinging blow descended smartly on the dwarf's hump.

"Fardon me!" laughed the duke's fool. "Being unused to such exercise my blade fell by mistake on your back."

If looks could have killed, Triboulet would have achieved his original purpose, but after a vindictive though futile glance his head drooped despondently. To have been thus humiliated before those whom he regarded as his vassals! What jest could restore him the prestige he had enjoyed, what play of words efface the shame of that public chastisement? Had he been beaten by the king but thus to suffer at the hand of a foreign fool! And the monarch—would he learn of it—the punishment of the royal jester? As in a dream he heard the luteful voices of the company.

"'Tis not the first time he has been wounded there!" said fearless Caillette, who openly acknowledged his aversion for the king's favorite fool. "But he seated, gentle sir," he added to the stranger, "and share our rough hospitality."

"Rough, certes!" commented the other as he returned his blade to his belt. "And as I see no stool!"

"There's the throne!" returned Caillette courteously. "Since you have overcome Triboulet his place is yours."

"A precarious place!" said the newcomer easily, dropping, nevertheless, into the chair.

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" cried the cardinal's jester.

"Long live the king!" they shouted, every fool and zany raising a tankard save the dwarf and the young woman, the former continuing to glare vindictively upon the usurper and the latter to all intent remaining oblivious of the ceremony of installation. Poised upon a chair, she idly thrust her fingers through the gilded bars of the cage that hung from the rafters and gently stroked the head of the now complaisant bird.

"Poor Jocko! Poor Jocko!" she murmured.

"La, la, la!" sang the parrot, responsive to her light caress.

"Your majesty's wishes! Your majesty's decree!" exclaimed the monastic wit worn.

"Hear, hear!" roared Brusquet.

"Silence!" commanded Marot. "His majesty speaks."

"Toot, toot, toot!" rang out the flourish of a trumpet, a clarion prelude to the fat from the throne.

The new king in motley arose, heedless, devil may care, very erect in his preposterously pointed shoes.

"I appoint you, Thion, treasurer of the exchequer, because you are quick at sleight of hand," he began.

"Good," laughed Marot. "An he's more light fingered than his predecessor, he's a master of prestidigitation!"

"You, Brusquet," went on the new master of Fools' hall, "I reward with the government of Guienne, for he who governs his own house so ill is surely fitted for greater tasks of incompetency."

This allusion to the petticoat rule which dominated the luckless jester at home was received in good part by all save the hapless domestic boudhann himself.

"You, Villot, are made admiral of the fleet."

Villot smiled, thinking how Francis had but recently bestowed that office upon the impoverished husband of pretty Mme. d'Etalle.

"Thanks your majesty," he began, "but if some post nearer home!"

"You are to sail at once!"

"But my wife!"

"Will remain at court!" announced the duke's jester with great decision.

Villot made a wry face. The king in motley smiled significantly. "A safe haven, Villot! Besides, remember a court without ladies is like a spring without flowers."

A movement resembling apprehension swept through the company. The epigram had been Francis'; the court, a flower bed of roses, was in consequence a thorny maze for a jester to tread. From her chair at the far end of the room the young woman looked at the newcomer for the first time since his enthronement. Her fingers yet played between the gilded bars; the posture she had assumed set forth the plant grace of her figure. Above the others, she glanced at him, her hair very black against the golden cage; her arm, very white, half unsheltered from the great hanging sleeve.

"You are overbold," she said, a peculiar smile upon her lips.

"Nay, I have spoken no treason, mistress," he retorted blithely.

"Not by word of mouth, perhaps, but by implication."

He raised his brows with a gesture of wanton protest, while the face before him clouded. Her eyes held his; her little teeth just gleamed between the crimson of her lips.

"I presume you consider Charles the more fitting monarch?" she continued.

Was it the disdain of her voice? Did she read his passing thoughts? Did she challenge him to utter them?

"In truth," the jester said carelessly, "Charles builds fortresses, not pleasure palaces, and garrisons them with soldiers and tolls."

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She half smiled; her glance fell; her hand moved carelessly, the sleeve waving beneath.

"Poor Jocko! Poor Jocko!" she murmured.

Triboulet's glance beamed with delight. She was casting her spell over his enemy.

"Oh," muttered Triboulet, "if the king could but have heard!"

Perhaps it was a breath of air, but the tapestry depicting the misadventure

"Who is this knave?"

Triboulet, who noted everything, saw this and suffered an expression of triumph momentarily to rest upon his malignant features. Had his prayer been answered? "A spring without flowers," forsooth! Dearly cherished the august gardener his beautiful roses—great red roses, white roses, blossoms yet unopened!

Following his gaze, a significant light appeared in the young woman's eyes, while her arm fell to her side.

"Now to see Presumption sue for pardon," she whispered to herself.

One by one the company, too, turned in the direction Triboulet was looking. In portraiture the classical buffoon grinned and gaped at them from the tapestry, and even from his high station above the clouds Jupiter, who had ejected the offending fool of the gods, looked less stern and implacable. An expectant hush fell upon the assemblage when suddenly Jove and Monsus alike were unceremoniously thrust aside, and as the folds fell slowly back, before the many eyed

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Ben Butler at Fort Fisher

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

December 24-25, 1864

[Copyright, 1904, by G. L. Kilmer.]
DEC. 24, 1864, was the date of
the first attack on Fort Fisher,
N. C. This famous strong-
hold was located on the pen-
insula of Federal point and was the
largest earthenwork in the Confederacy.
Previous to July, 1862, the defenses of
the Confederacy at this place had con-
sisted of some small detached breast-
works and one inclosed battery, where
four guns were mounted. A new com-
mandant, Colonel William Lamb, was
appointed in 1862, and he at once set
to work to construct an elaborate sys-
tem of parapets and casemates to shelter
soldiers and cannon during battle.
When completed according to plan, the
defenses would extend 4,000 feet along
the sea front and about 1,500 feet
across the peninsula. The long sea
face was intended to guard against an
attack from the beach by columns ap-
proaching in boats, and the land face
would defend against a column ap-
proaching from the mainland.

There was also a detached battery,
Fort Buchanan, located down at the
point and commanding New Inlet, the
channel to Cape Fear river and the
port of Wilmington. The main parapet
of Fort Fisher was twenty-five feet
thick and was sited at the outside
with marsh grass. The positions for
the cannon were protected by traverses
or side walls extending twelve feet
above the parapet and thirteen feet
back from it, thus forming a series of
inclosed chambers, having the three ex-
posed sides guarded.

The land face had twenty guns in po-
sition, and some distance out from the
parapet there was a line of torpedoes
buried in the sand, with electric wires
to the commander's quarters, to enable
him to explode the numerous ma-
chines whenever a hostile force should
venture to the works. On the sea face
there were twenty-four cannon in
strong batteries, and offshore was a
system of submarine torpedoes, con-
nected with the fort by electric wires.
The fort had not been completed
when, in 1864, the Federal authorities
determined that its capture was a
pressing military necessity. After the
closing of the port of Mobile by Far-
ragut in August of that year Wilming-



THE NEW IRONSIDES BOMBARDING FORT FISHER.

ton, on Cape Fear river, just above
Fort Fisher, was almost the sole de-
pot for traffic between the Confederacy
and the outside world. During the
fifteen months from October, 1863, to
December, 1864, nearly 400 blockade
running attempts at this point were
successful, and only about fifty at-
tempts failed.

Some Confederates considered Wil-
mington more important than any other
port, not excepting Charleston, and
even of more value to the life of the
Confederacy than the possession of
Richmond. With Wilmington and the
Cape Fear river open, the supplies that
would have reached the Confederate
armies would have enabled them to
maintain the contest for years. The
blockade was a failure, and Fort Fisher,
by its commanding position and
great strength, effectively barred the
way against the Federal navy, and
without a naval armament in the har-
bor Wilmington, if taken by Federal
forces, could not have been held. Fort
Fisher was the key, for it guarded Wil-
mington both from land and naval at-
tacks, and up to December, 1864, the
north made no serious attempt to close
the famous port by seizing the land de-
fenses and occupying the harbor.
When, however, Lee's army was at
bay on James river, and it was seen
that a nearly port was essential to
him to supply the necessities of war,
Wilmington became an object, and the
active military and naval as well as
the administrative authorities began to
plan for an attack.

Finally an idea adopted by General
B. P. Butler and approved by the war
and navy departments for a combined
movement of naval and land forces
was authorized by General Grant, and
Butler and Admiral D. D. Porter were
selected to lead. A feature of the at-
tack was the explosion of a floating
mine of a couple of hundred tons of

powder near the walls of the fort, the
expectation being that the walls of
sand and logs would be jarred down
by concussion, and the alarm and con-
fusion to follow would paralyze the
garrison, and a prompt advance from
all points would enable the assaults
to secure the works.

The floating mine consisted of an
iron hull propelled by 235 tons, the Lou-
isiana, with a light upper deck spec-
ially prepared for the work. The powder,
amounting to 430,000 pounds, was placed
in barrels and canvas bags, through
each of which passed a fuse arranged
in four separate threads and terminat-
ing at the stern in a pile of combustibles.
The combustibles were to be fired by a percussion cap set off by
clockwork, by spermaceti candles and a
slow match.

The naval preparations were on the
grandest scale, and it was intended to
open on the fort with hundreds of can-
non in case the explosion did not
accomplish the destruction, so that the
land columns could advance with
prospect of success. The largest fleet
that had ever sailed under the Ameri-
can flag assembled off the coast, led
by the New Ironsides, a powerful iron-
clad, with sixteen guns in broadside.
There were four other ironclads, the
Canopus, the Mahopac, the Monitor,
and the Saugus, and the screw
frigates Minnesota, Colorado and Wa-
bash. The remainder, to the number
of fifty, consisted of gunboats, side-
wheelers, double enders and other
steamers converted into warships. The
total amount was 419 guns. The land
column consisted of several thousand
men, commanded by General G. F. Smith.

They were brought up in
transports and were to effect a landing
under cover of the guns of the New Iron-
sides. The garrison of Fort Fisher at this
time numbered 1,500 men, 450 of them
being junior reserves or local troops.

Much was expected of the navy, be-
cause it was found that there was
seven feet of water on the beach. Af-
ter several attempts to have the trans-
ports with the troops and the war
vessels rendezvous at some point off
the fort, the navy alone weathered the
gales that blew for several days and
reached the position on the night of
the 23d of December. About midnight
the powder boat was placed at anchor
300 yards from the beach opposite the
fort and the match was applied.

At 1:40 the explosion occurred, four
in number. At daylight the vessels
stood in for the scene. The fort was
still there, grim and defiant, its flag
floating proudly and no evidence of
injury visible. The transports with
troops were not up, and Porter ordered
the bombardment to begin. The New Ironsides
led, taking position in
gallant style under fire from several
guns of the fort. The entire fleet drew
up in lines as detailed, and the fire
was directed with great deliberation
upon particular guns in the huge work.
The fort answered and fired 672 shots
at the fleet. The commander ordered
the firing to cease, because his supply
of ammunition was limited. The navy,
believing the enemy had been silenced,
withdrew.

During the night of the 24th the
transports brought up the troops, and
arrangements were made to continue
the bombardment on the 25th and fol-
low it up by a land assault. A column
under General Adelbert Ames was
formed on the seacoast and advanced
to within half a mile of the fort, cap-
turing an outwork and some men. Gen-
eral Weitzel went to the front in per-
son and saw that the fort had not been
seriously injured and reported it im-
pregnable. The navy kept up a steady
fire, and it was observed that the gar-
rison left the parapets where the shots
struck, but were out in full force at
other points. Wherever the fire took
effect the sand walls were scooped out,
leaving great gaps, so that there was
no longer a continuous line of shelter
for troops.

The bombardment on the 25th lasted
seven hours, and the fire was returned
at intervals by the guns of the fort.
The Confederates fired 1,000 shots at the
fleet and used some grape and canister
on the troops. Five shots on the works
were disabled by the naval fire on the
25th. Three had been disabled on the
24th and one had burst, leaving thirty-
four yet in position. The fort gave the
parting shot as the vessels were re-
tiring. In the two days' bombardment
the Confederates lost six killed and fif-
ty-five wounded.

General Butler had learned from the
prisoners taken that there was a large
land force of Confederates, the division
of General Hoke from Petersburg, on
the peninsula in rear of his land col-
umn. On the night of the 25th he
notified Admiral Porter that he would
sail with his transport fleet to Hamp-
ton Roads. Butler's decision was final,
although the admiral stated that he
was about to receive fresh ammu-
nition and would be much faster than
he had done and hoped that General
Butler would leave a force on land to
press the assault.

Admiral Porter complained in his dis-
patches to the navy department that
he had been abandoned by the army
just as the fort was in his possession
and asked that the troops be sent back,
but under a different commander.
The Confederate commander in Fort
Fisher, however, holds the opinion that
Butler could not have succeeded. He
says he would "have opened a fire of
grape and canister on the narrow beach
which no troops could have survived."

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Rag Time for Her.

Miss Blew—Have you seen Wagner's
"The Simple Life?"
"Miss New—Law, no. I saw his "Par-
fidi" last year, and I couldn't make
head nor tail out of it. This classical
music don't make a bit with me.—
Cleveland Leader.

If you are invited to a wedding, the
cheapest thing to send is a regatta.

UNDER THE ROSE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"The duke has given him to the
princess. The princess is a subject
of your majesty. The king of France
has jurisdiction over the princess' fool
and surely can proceed in so small a
matter as hanging him."

Francis bent a malignant look upon
the young man. Behind the dwarf
stood the jesteress, now an earnest
spectator of the scene.

"This newcomer's stay with us prom-
ises to be brief, Callette," she whis-
pered.

"Hark, you witch! He answers," re-
turned the poet.

"What can he say?" she retorted,
shrugging her shoulders. "He is al-
ready condemned."

"Are you pleased, mistress? Just be-
cause the poor fellow stared at you
overmuch?"

"Oh," she said insensibly, "it was
written he should hang himself. Now
we'll hear how ably Audacity parleys
with Fate."

"It would be no breach of hospital-
ity, sire, to hang the princess' fool,"
spoke the condemned man, with no
sign of waning confidence, "yet it
would seem to depreciate the duke's
gift. Your majesty should hang the
one and spare the other. 'Tis a matter
of logic," he went on quickly, "to point
out where the duke's gift ends and the
princess' fool begins. A gift is a gift
until it is received. The princess has
not yet received the duke's gift. There-
fore your majesty cannot hang me as
the princess' fool, nor would your
majesty desire to hang me as the
duke's gift."

Imperceptibly the monarch's mien re-
laxed, for next to a contest with blades
he liked the quick play of words.

"Answer him, Triboulet," he said.
"Your majesty—your majesty"—
stammered the dwarf and paused in
despair, his wits falling him at the
critical juncture.

"Enough!" commanded the king
sternly. A sound of suppressed mer-
ment even as he spoke startled the
gathering. "Who laughed?" he cried
suddenly. "Was it you, mistress?" fas-
tening his eyes upon the young woman.

Her head fell lower and lower like
some dark flower on a slender stem.
From out of the veil of her mazy hair
came a voice, soft with seeming hu-
mility.

"It might have been Jocko, sire," she
said. "He sometimes laughs like that."

The king looked from the woman to
the bird, then from the bird to the
woman, a gleam of recollection in his
glance.

"Humph!" he muttered. "Is this
where you serve your mistress? Look
to it you serve not yourself ill!"

An instant her eyes flashed upward.
"My mistress is at prayer," she an-
swered, and looked down again as
quickly.

"And you meanwhile prefer the droll-
ery of these madcaps to the attentions
of our courtiers?" said Francis, more
gently. "Certes are you gypsy born?"

Her hands clasped tighter, but she
answered not, and he turned more
sternly to the new king of the motley.
"As for you," he continued, "for the
present the duke's gift is spared. But
let the princess' fool look to himself.
Remember, a guarded tongue insures
a ripe old age, and even a throne in
Fools' hall is fraught with hazard.
Here, some of you, take this"—indict-
ing the sleeping Rabelais—"and throw
it into the horse pond. Yet see that he
does not drown. Your heads upon it!"

"Tis to him Francis looks for learning!"
He paused, glancing back at the
kneeling girl. "You, Mistress Who
Seeks to Hide Her Face, teach that
parrot not to laugh!" he added grimly.

The jesteress waved. Mute the mot-
ley throng stared where the king had
stood. A light hand touched the arm
of the duke's fool, and turning, he be-
held the young woman. Her eyes were
alight with new fire.

"In heaven's name," she exclaimed
passionately, "let us leave. You have
done mischief enough. Follow me."
"Where'er you will," he responded
gallantly.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun and the breeze con-
tended with the mist in-
trenched in the stronghold of
the valley. From the east the
red orb began its attack; out of the
west rode the swift moving zephyrs,
and, vanquished, the wavering vapor
stole off into thin air or hung in isolat-
ed wreaths above the foliage on the
hillsides. Soon the conquering light
brightly illumined a mediaeval castle
commanding the surrounding country;
the victorious breeze whispered loudly
at its gloomy casements. A great Nor-
man structure, somber, austere, it was,
however, brightened with many mod-
ern features that threatened gradually
to sap much of its ancient majesty.

"Fill up the moat," Francis had or-
dered. "Tis barbaric! What lover
would sigh beneath walls thirty feet
thick! And the portcullis—away with
it! Summon any Italian painters to
adorn the walls. We may yet make
habitable these legacies from the sav-
age, brutal past."

So the mighty walls, once set in a
comparative wilderness, a tangle of
thicket and underbrush, now arose
from garden, lawn and park, where
even the deer were no longer shy, and
the water, propelled by artificial power,
shot upward in jets.

Seated at a window which overlooked
this sylvan aspect, modified if not
fashioned by man, a young woman
with seeming conscientiousness told
her beads. The apartment, though
richly furnished, was in keeping with
the devout character of its fair mis-
tress. A brass or aspersorium, used
for sprinkling holy water, was leaning
against the wall. Upon a table lay an
open psalter, with its long hanging
cover and a ball at the extremity of
the forel. Behind two tall candle-
sticks stood an altar table, being
unfolding, revealed three compartments,
each with a picture painted by
Andrea del Sarto, the once honored
guest of Francis.

The Princess Louise, cousin of Francis'
former queen, Claude, had been
reared with rigid strictness, although
provided with various preceptors who
had made her more or less proficient
in the profane letters, as they were

then called, Latin, Greek, theology and
philosophy. The fame of her beauty
had gone abroad; her hand had been
often sought, but the obdurate king
had steadfastly refused to sanction
her betrothal until Charles, the em-
peror, himself proposed a union be-
tween the fair ward of the French
monarch and one of his nobles, the
young Duke of Friedwald. To this
Francis had assented, for he calcu-
lated upon thus drawing to his inter-
ests one of his rival's most chivalrous
knights, while farseeing Charles be-
lieved he could not only retain the
duke, but add to his own court the
lovely and learned ward of the king.

And in this comedy of aggrandize-
ment the puppets were willing, as pup-
pets must needs be. Indeed, the duke
was seriously enamored of the prin-
cess, whose portrait he had seen in
miniature, and had himself importuned
the emperor to intercede with Francis,
knowing that the only way to the
duke's hand was through the good of-
fices of him who aspired to the mastery
of all Europe, if not the world.

Charles, unwilling to disoblige one
whose principle was the most power-
ful of the Austrian provinces he
sought to absorb in his scheme for the
unification of all nations, offered no
demur to a request fraught with ad-
vantage to himself. Besides, cold and
calculating though he was, the em-
peror entertained a certain affection
for the duke, who on one occasion,
when Charles had been sore beset by
the troops of Solymán, had extricated
his royal leader from the alternative
of ignominious capture or an untimely
end. Accordingly, a formal proposal,
couched in language of warm friend-
ship to the king, was dispatched by
the emperor. When Francis, with
some misgiving, arising from experi-
ence before Louise, she, to his surprise,
proved her devotion and loyalty by her
entire submissiveness, and the king,
kissing her hand, generously waived
the wedding festivities should be
worthy of her beauty and fealty.

Was she thinking of that scene now
and the many messages which had
subsequently passed between her dis-
tant lover and herself as the white
fingers ceased to tell the beads? Was
she questioning fate and the future
when the rosy fell from her hand
and the clinking of the great glass
beads on the hard floor aroused her
from a reverie? Languidly she rose and
crossed the room toward a low dress-
ing table, when at the same time one
of the several doors of the apartment
opened, admitting the jesteress, Jacque-
line, whose long, flowing gown of dark
green bore no distinguishing mark of
the motley she had assumed the night
before. The dreamy, almost lethargic,
gaze of the princess rested for a mo-
ment upon the ardent eyes of the maid
who stood motionless before her.

"The duke's jester who arrived last
night awaits your pleasure without,"
said the girl.

"Bid him enter. Stay! The fillet for
my hair. Seems he a merry fellow?"

"So merry, madam, he mistook the
king last night in Fools' hall, beat Tri-
boulet, appointed knaves in jest to high
offices, and had been hanged for his
forwardness but that he narrowly
saved his neck by a slender device."

"What, all that in so short a time!"
exclaimed the princess. "A most pre-
sumptuous rogue!"

"The king, madam, was behind the
tapestry and heard it all—his appoint-
ment of Thomy as treasurer, because
he is apt at palming money; Brusquet,
governor of Guienne, since he governs
his own home so ill, and Vilbot, admi-
ral of the fleet, that he might sail
away and leave his pretty wife behind
him."

"Till warrant me the story is known
to the entire court are this," laughed
the lady. "Won't Mme. d'Etalle be in
a temper! And the admiral when he
hears of it—on the high seas! The king
was eavesdropping, you say, and yet
spared the jester? He must bear a
charmed life!"

"He dubbed himself the duke's gift,
madam, and boldly claimed privilege
under the poor cloak of hospitality."

"Surely," murmured the princess,
"there will be no lack of entertain-
ment with this knave under the same
roof—too much entertainment, I fear
me. Well, admit the bold fellow!"

Crossing to the door, the maid pushed
it back, and the figure of the jester
passed the threshold, a figure so grace-
ful and well built the lady's eyes,
turning toward him with mild inquiry,
lingered with approval; lingered and
were unprepared to a fair, handsome
face, when approval gave way to won-
der.

Was this the imprudent, hot brained
rogue who had swaggered in Fools'
hall and made a farce of the affairs
of the nation? His countenance seemed
that of a courtier rather than a low-
born scoundrel, his bearing in conson-
ance as, approaching the princess, he
knelt near the edge of her sweeping
crimson garment. Quietly the maid
withdrew to a corner of the apartment,
where she seated herself on a low
stool, her fingers idly playing with the
delicate carvings of a vase of silver
containing water that had been bless-
ed and standing conveniently near the
aspersorium.

"You come from the Duke of Fried-
wald, fool?" said the mistress, recov-
ering from her surprise.

"Yes, princess."

Louise smiled and looked toward the
maid as if to say, "Why, he's a model
of decorum!" but the girl continued
regarding the figures on the vase,
seemingly indifferent to the scene be-
fore her.

"I hear, sireah, but a poor account
of your behavior last night," continued
the princess. "You must have a care
or I shall send you back to the duk
and command him to have you whip-
ped. You have been here but over-
night, yet how many enemies have
you made? The king, the admiral and,
last, but not least, a certain lady. Poor
fool! You may have saved your neck,
but for how long? Phe, what an ac-
count must I give of you to your mas-
ter!"

"Ah, madam," he answered quickly,
"you show me now the folly of it all."
"Let me see," she went on more
gently, "what we may do, since you
are penitent. The king may forgive,

CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.

The Wall Street Journal.

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STREET JOURNAL is better qualified
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to advise about investments than one
who does not.

A \$5,000,000 NOTE**Chadwick and Wife Charged
With Having Forged It****JURY'S UNEXPECTED ACT****Joint Indictment in Connection
With Note Signed Andrew
Carnegie--Chadwick to Be Ar-
rested Upon Arrival Here**

Cleveland, Dec. 23.—Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick and his wife, Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, were jointly indicted by the county grand jury yesterday afternoon on the charge of having forged and uttered a \$5,000,000 note signed Andrew Carnegie.

Dr. Chadwick is now on his way to New York from Paris and is expected to land next Wednesday. As soon as the indictment was returned Sheriff Barry of this county made arrangements to secure Chadwick's extradition. Barry will meet the steamer on its arrival.

This is the third time that Mrs. Chadwick has been indicted by the county grand jury, but it is the first instance of her husband's name appearing in legal proceedings in the case. The indictments already returned against Mrs. Chadwick are similar to the one voted yesterday, except that they cover notes of \$250,000 and \$500,000 signed Andrew Carnegie.

Mrs. Chadwick, when informed of the action of the grand jury, appeared not the least concerned, and only asked if any one else had been indicted, mentioning the name of a person who has figured in the case to some extent. She declined to make any comment, saying:

"It will do me no good to discuss my affairs in the newspapers. There has been so much misrepresentation that I have decided to do no further talking and I am also acting on the advice of my attorney in this respect."

The grand jury's action was somewhat unexpected. It was thought at first that its report would be made Saturday. Prosecutor Keeler counted on a delay in securing the necessary papers for Dr. Chadwick's return and feared that the steamship on which he is a passenger possibly might arrive before they were secured. The vote was then taken and the indictment returned. Sheriff Barry then arranged to obtain the requisition from Governor Herriek and will leave Sunday night for Albany to obtain extradition papers from Governor Odell. Dr. Chadwick, it is expected, will not resist returning to Cleveland.

"There are many things which Dr. Chadwick will have to explain and I hope he will do so," said Prosecutor Keeler. "Dr. and Mrs. Chadwick may be tried on the indictment separately or together. Each has a right to trial singly if it is desired. The jurors will finish their work Saturday. The Chadwick investigation, so far as this jury is concerned, is ended. But I cannot say that this concludes our inquiry into this matter. It is possible that there may be other developments."

The grand jury has spent more than two weeks in its investigation of the Chadwick affair. It is understood that it was mainly on the testimony of President Deckwith of the Citizens' National bank of Oberlin, which failed recently, that the jurors voted to indict Dr. Chadwick. A number of persons whose names have frequently appeared in connection with the case went before the jury at various times to give testimony.

Carrier Pigeon's Long Flight

Dolgeville, N. Y., Dec. 22.—There has arrived here an exhausted carrier pigeon which had on its leg a tag bearing this inscription: "A. C. H., 396." Adolf C. Harn, a pigeon fancier, lived in Dolgeville until a year ago, when he migrated to Southern California, taking his pigeons with him. It is supposed that the exhausted bird is one of his flock which returned to its old home. Such a flight is, however, unparalleled, the record being 1072 miles, from Little Rock to New York.

Miraculous Escape From Death

New York, Dec. 22.—After falling 135 feet from the central span of the Williamsburg bridge into the East river, Charles Summerfield, a workman employed on the structure, was picked up by a tug and is still alive. The surgeons say no bones were broken, but the man was injured internally. Summerfield held to a plank which fell with him and still had hold of it when he came to the surface.

Railroad Collision in Connecticut

Middletown, Conn., Dec. 22.—In a collision between a freight train and a train composed of an engine and four empty passenger cars here last night, the passenger cars were telescoped and brakeman Harry May, who was on the rear end of the passenger train, was badly hurt.

Poison For Lovesick Swain

Webster, Mass., Dec. 20.—Anger Ledoux, 30, swallowed Paris green because, as his uncle said, a young woman of Dayville, Conn., to whom he had been engaged in marriage, refused to speak to him. He died in a few minutes.

"Millionaire" in Bankrupt

Pittsburg, Dec. 21.—Charles R. Reed of Erie, supposed to be a millionaire, was declared to be a bankrupt in the United States court here. Reed's liabilities are nearly \$1,000,000.

Fortune Goes to Miss Warren

San Francisco, Dec. 23.—The will of Miss Bertha M. Dolbeer, who was killed by falling from an upper floor of a hotel in New York, was sustained by a jury in the superior court. In the will, which was contested by relatives, Miss Dolbeer gave the greater part of her \$1,000,000 to her friend and traveling companion, Miss Etta M. Warren.

MUNROE GOSPEL**Our Adherence to It Carries a
Possibility of War****THE CONFLICT OF RIGHTS****We Must See That Southern and
Central American Republics
Fulfill Their Obligations to
Powers of Europe**

New York, Dec. 23.—Four hundred and fifty sons of New England attended the 10th dinner of the New England Society of the City of New York here last night. The menu depicted several notable historic scenes. The souvenir was an exact fac-simile of the New England primer in color and type.

At the guests' table with President Hubbard sat former Secretary of War Elihu Root, who responded to the principal toast of the evening: "A corollary of the Monroe doctrine." Mr. Root said in part:

"We have had within a few days here a meeting of the advocates of peace, a meeting designed to promote the principles of arbitration among nations and with the purpose of that meeting, with the things said and the results which it so sought to accomplish, I heartily agree and I believe all of you agree."

"But after all, the true way to accomplish peace among men is to promote justice among men, good understanding—for all wars come of misunderstanding or injustice, from a failure of some one to do his duty to his fellowmen."

"The only relation that carries the possibility of war for this country is that declaration and adherence of the American people to the so-called Monroe doctrine."

"There will be no frontal attack on the Monroe doctrine. The way in which the cause of war may arise will be, if at all, by the conflict of rights, the existence of rights on the part of foreign powers against the American republics and the result of the enforcement of these rights of foreign powers against the American republics coming into conflict with this doctrine which we assert for our own safety and preservation."

"We do not undertake to say that the republics of South and Central America are to be relieved of their international obligations. We do not undertake to say that the powers of Europe shall not undertake to enforce their rights against these members of the sisterhood of nations. It is only when the enforcement of these rights comes to the point of taking possession of the territory that we say that is inconsistent with the peace and safety of the United States. We cannot say that with justice unless we also say that the American republics are themselves to be just."

"It is always possible that redress of injury, that punishment for wrong may lead to the occupation of territory. And if we are to maintain this doctrine, which is vital to our national life and its safety, at the same time that we say to the powers of the world, you shall not push your remedies for wrong against these republics to the point of occupying their territory, we are bound to say that whenever that wrong cannot be otherwise redressed, we ourselves will see that it is redressed."

"Above all things let us be just. Let us do equity when we come in the great court of civilization. Let us see that we ourselves and those whom we protect for our own safety are just and then our cause will be just."

Memorial Tablets Unveiled

Boston, Dec. 22.—The "Forefather's day" observance at the First church (Unitarian) was marked by the unveiling of six tablets erected there in memory of some of the founders of the commonwealth and early members of the church. The tablets are erected to the memory of Sir Henry Vane, Anne Hutchinson, Sir John Leverett, Simon Bradstreet, Anne Bradstreet and John Endicott.

Accident Was Unavoidable

Washington, Dec. 21.—Vindication for all the officers and men on the Massachusetts is contained in the report of the board appointed by the commandant of the League Island navy yard to investigate the recent accident on board that vessel in which the death of several men was caused by the blowing off of a gasket.

Survived a Terrible Fall

Boston, Dec. 21.—Losing his foothold on the coping of the four-story building at 18 Lyman street, Israel Rubben, 20 years of age, who had been shovelling snow from the roof, fell a distance of 45 feet, and besides a few unimportant bruises received a broken wrist and fractured leg.

Rockefeller Wins His Suit

Malone, N. Y., Dec. 19.—William Rockefeller was awarded a verdict of 18 cents damages against Oliver La Mota for alleged trespasses on the Rockefeller preserve. The case had been sent back from the appellate division twice for retrial. The jury was out five minutes.

Pardon For a Gaffer

St. Paul, Dec. 21.—The state board of pardons has granted a pardon to Colonel Frederick Ames, brother of former Mayor Ames of Minneapolis. Colonel Ames was chief of police and was convicted of "graft" during his brother's administration.

Undesirable Immigrants Sent Back

Boston, Dec. 22.—Twenty-four undesirable immigrants were deported on board steamer Cymric, which sailed for Liverpool. Thirteen were excluded from the country on the ground that they were likely to become public charges, nine were afflicted with trachoma, one was found to be a contract laborer and the other was sent for physical reasons.

SPECIAL**HOLIDAY SALE!****Commencing Saturday, December 17th, and con-
tinuing to and including New Year's
Eve, December 31st.****TWO WEEKS OF SPECIAL PRICES.****TWO WEEKS OF
Money Saving Values.****From Producer to You
Means Money in Your Pocket.
Everything at New York Prices.****Specials Way Below Anything Offered.**

SUGAR 5 lbs. Granulated Sugar Only 5 pounds to one purchaser and only with other goods.	25c	PINEAPPLE. Amcehat 1 lb., sliced, per can Regular price, 15c. In heavy syrup.	10c
COFFEE Special Blend, 3 lbs. for The biggest value ever offered to the people of Newport.	50c	RAISINS. 4 Crown Loose Raisins, 3 lbs. for New goods. Elegant quality. Seeded, 1 lb. packages, each	25c 9c
FLOUR Amcehat, 4 bbl. (24 1-2 lbs.) bags Finest quality Spring wheat flour.	88c	CURRENTS. Loose, cleaned, 3 lbs. for Fancy, 1 lb. cartons, each	25c 9c
PRUNES New stock, 80 to 100 lbs. for Fine quality.	25c	CITRON. Fancy Glace, per lb.	18c
MINCE MEAT Orion, 5 lbs. jars, each Fine quality, regular price, \$1.00 Amcehat, 16 oz. jars each Regular price, 30c. The finest quality in the United States.	70c 20c	LEMON PEEL. Fancy Glace, per lb.	14c
JELLY Gordon & Dilworth's 18 oz. tum- blers, Assorted Jellies, to close out, each Regular price, 35c.	22c	ORANGE PEEL. Fancy Glace, per lb.	14c
PRESERVES Gordon & Dilworth's 1-2 pint, Assorted Fruits, per jar Any variety you may select.	18c	NUTS. Assorted, per lb.	15c
CANNED GOODS. Asparagus, Eagle, 2 1/2 lb. cans, each Ungraded. Fine quality and worth 35.	25c	FIGS. Fine quality, per lb. Regular price, 20c. lb. baskets, finest quality Regular price, 25c.	15c 20c
STRING BEANS. Willett's, 2 lb. cans, 3 for Cheap at 15c. each.	25c	PICKLES. A few of Miss North's Assorted Varieties, in pints, each While they last.	30c
CORN. Monocacy, 3 cans for Best trade in the country.	25c	CHOCOLATE. Baker's Genuine, per lb	32c
LIMA BEANS. Stoclaire, 3 cans for Another bargain.	25c	COCOA. Baker's Genuine, 1 lb. cans, each	20c
TOMATOES. Diamond Back, 3 cans for Solid packed; cans enough full of tomatoes (not soup or slush).	25c	BAKING POWDER. Royal, 1 lb. cans, each Amcehat, 1 lb. cans, each Guaranteed equal to any on the market.	40c 35c
FRUITS. Flickinger's 1 1/2 lb. cans, 2 cans for To clean out all we have left. Assorted varieties.	25c	PLUM PUDDING. Amcehat, 1 lb. cans, each Amcehat, 2 lb. cans, each The finest in the United States. Our guarantee with every can.	20c 40c
PEACHES. Holly, Lemon Chug, 2 cans New goods in heavy syrup.	45c	CRACKERS. Uneeda Biscuits, per package, Only with other goods, and not over 5 packages to one pur- chaser.	3c
CHERRIES. Noreca Black, 3 lb. cans, 2 cans for Regular price, 35c. each.	45c	PAPER TABLE DECORATIONS. We have just added the most com- plete line of Lace Paper, Paper Doilies, Cup Holders, Paper Gases (for Ice Cream) Favors, etc., ever offered the people of Newport. We invite your inspection.	20c
PEAS. Livingston, 2 lb., 3 cans for Regular price 12 c. each.	25c	OLIVES. Amcehat, stuffed, per bottle Little fellows, but fine quality.	9c
SUCCOTASH. Monocacy, 2 lb., 2 cans for Regular price, 15c. a can.	25c	GELATINE. Amcehat, Shredded, per package, 1 package makes 4 pints jelly.	9c
PEARS. Paterson, 2 1/2 lb. cans, 2 for Regular price, 25c. a can.	25c	PERFUMERY. Special Holiday Packages, at Special Newport Prices. We import our own Perfumes. It will pay you to examine our line before buying.	90c
SAUER KRAUT. Libby's, 3 lb cans, 2 cans for	25c	CITRUS SAUCE. Amcehat, Pints, per bottle The finest quality in the United States. Try a bottle.	25c
DEVILED HAM. Libby's small cans, 5 cans for An eye-opener on price.	20c	RYE WHISKEY. (Something for the Gentlemen). Special Old Rye, 1 quart demi- john, fancy package of the genu- ine "Old Stuff," each Regular price, \$1.25. Has age, is mellow; and fine quality.	4.50
TOMATOES IN GLASS. Amcehat stewed, per jar Regular price, 35c.	25c	CIGARS. Something more for the gen- tlemen. King Roger, per hundred The highest grade 5c. cigar on the market. You can buy them on our guar- antee.	54.50

We have a host of Good Things for you. Our Christmas present to you is the opportunity to purchase seasonable goods, the goods you want NOW at YOUR PRICES. Prices to fit every one's pocket.

Acker, Merrill & Condit Co.,
299 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT,**R. I.**

Come early. Place your orders now and avoid the rush, and the possibility of lines being closed out. Telephone orders appreciated.

Newport**Trust Company,**

NEWPORT, R. I.

Capital - - - \$300,000.00**Surplus - - - \$120,000.00**

Many people read about Safe Deposit Vaults but do not know exactly what they are. The officers of this Company will be pleased at any time to have you call and make a personal inspection of our equipment for the safe keeping of valuables.

OFFICERS:

FREDERICK TOMPKINS, President,
ANGUS McLEOD, Vice President,
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Secretary and Treasurer.

J. Truman Hordick, President,
T. A. Lawton, Vice President,
Grant P. Taylor, Treasurer,
H. G. Wilks, Asst. Treasurer,
W. H. Hammett, Secretary.

SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT.

Incorporated A. D. 1819.

NEWPORT, R. I.

NOTICE!

Under the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly passed at the January Session 1898 amending the charter of this bank NOTICE is hereby given that in July next this bank will pay in dividends upon all deposits of two thousand dollars or less at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum and upon all in the excess of two thousand dollars at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent. per annum.

All deposits for charitable purposes will be entitled to the higher rate of interest.
Newport R. I., April 23d, 1904—5-14-10w
G. P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.

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(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with
Electricity at lowest rates.

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**PURE CALIFORNIA HONEY,
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If you are satisfied with the Coffee you are using don't try our

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GREAT BARGAIN SALE FROM NOW ON,

TO GIVE ALL A CHANCE TO BUY A

A Hat for the Holidays.**TRIMMED HATS, \$1.50 UP.**

UNTRIMMED HATS, 10c., 19c., 39c., 48c., Choice Line.

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